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DISCONT

"MOTHER"

Entered at the Postoffice

VOL. III. NO. 8.

HOME, WASH., WE

WHAT IS SLAVERY?

'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life, from day to day,
In your limbs, as in a cell,
For the tyrant's use to dwell;
'Tis to be a slave in soul,
And to hold no strong control
Over your own will, but be
All that others make of ye,
So that ye for them are made,
Loom and plow and sword and spade,
With or without your own will, bent
To their defense and nourishment;
'Tis to see your children weak,
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter's winds are bleak—
They are dying whilst I speak;
'Tis to hunger for such diet
As the rich man, in his riot,
Casts to the fat dogs that lie
Surfeiting beneath his eye;
And at length when you complain,
With a murmur weak and vain,
'Tis to see the tyrant crew
Ride over your wives and you.

Men of labor, heirs of glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty mother,
Hopes of her and one another,
Rise like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number,
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which, in sleep, had fallen on you.
Ye are many, they are few.

—Percy B. Shelley.

"IDOLS AND IDEALS."

A writer in DISCONTENT remarks:

"I feel that those infidels who have undertaken the task of abolishing God have mistaken their vocation. . . . Are they not egregious fools for fighting a myth—a thing that has no existence? . . . I cannot fail to feel a certain quality of disesteem for Anarchists or infidels or any kind of people who interfere with other people's gods or god idea or ideals. Anarchists, especially, should refrain from doing this as it is contrary to their announced principles."

We do not fight myths, but ignorance. We wish others to take their thoughts from this "God" superstition and begin to reason more fearlessly. Why teach any fact? We do so to help our fellow-man to enlightenment. We do not compel anyone to give up their "idols or ideals." But to be honest with self and one's principles one must instruct against prevailing ignorance. Why teach Socialism? Is it not our hope to lead people away from the idea of subjugation and out into liberty or self ownership?

God worshipers are serfs to an idea, however false it is. The fullest freedom only comes when man (woman) has reasoned away from an idea of there being aught greater than self: then they recognize the possibilities of self improvement. When a mind has outgrown a god idea, or "ideal" (bosh!), that mind can but feel proud to have ridden self of serfdom—a pride that makes one an Anarchist. And I hardly think a person entitled to the appellation of either of these names—Infidel, Anarchist, Spiritualist, who has not banished from mind the Christian's myth. Let us be consistent.

I haven't the slightest illwill toward any human being. I haven't the smallest bit of conceit in my makeup. I know

I glean some truths few have yet erred from the great possibilities of ing knowledge existing for minds. misjudgment, harsh and unexpected times, I labor to the best of my ability and this is cramped very much by circumstances which opposition has to do in shaping—to let others share gleanings.

Back of existence natural law action. Out of the PAST a supers came, bounded by covers and printed reading matter, and this book is v accountable for the "God." Whether the Bible of one people or other, the "God" idea originated norance and was foisted upon the ent people originally from the source. An ignorant genius—formerly set afloat the idle tale; if believed by the originator, ignorance led to superstition; and ignorance has the myths of this poor history (?) still keeps it, the book that is a humanity. Science has so completely overthrown the greater part of it (ble) contents that minds reasoning willingly lay aside "God" ideas. trouble is, it is hard to win a mind begin a fearless reasoning. Yet we teach, and hope to aid, our fellow ings.

ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

HE IS NOT AN ANARCHIST.

I sent the following to the New York Journal the next day after the communication appeared, and up to September 1 have seen nothing of it. The Journal spent some little time in making unfair comments and untruthful statements concerning Anarchy, taking the character Laskora for a text. These are some of the expressions used: "Here is a pretty fair specimen of the modern Anarchist." "It costs but little to be an Anarchist." "Your true Anarchist always wants to kill rulers," etc. Does it bother the Journal to run up against facts? Are they anxious to misrepresent?

To the Editor of the Journal: In your issue of August 16 C. V. Laskora says:

"Although I am an American, I am a would-be Anarchist. If I had my say every ruler on the face of the earth would be put to death, even to the president of the United States. These tyrants and capitalists should not be allowed to control the legislative and executive power of the country. They all ought to be done away with, and nothing would make me feel happier than to see these rulers put off the earth. I don't care for America or any other country. I defy their laws. I hate their rulers."

This C. V. Laskora is a pretty fair specimen of the modern so-called Anarchist, but, being entirely ignorant of the principles of Anarchy, and by precept and example following an entirely different course, he cannot truthfully be called an Anarchist. It costs but little to be a so-called Anarchist, but the would-be murderer is not a TRUE Anarchist. Laskora, with his mistaken

WHAT ANARCHY IS.

A Name for the Extremes of Idealism and Savagery.

From the London Advertiser.

There are two kinds of anarchy—the anarchy of individual idealism, which needs no government by force, and the anarchy of murder, which would assassinate all rulers and remove all restraint upon the lawless instincts of mankind. The anarchy of murder is the noisier and better known, and few people realize that the word anarchy can be anything but a synonym for violent crime.

A disciple of the gentler kind of anarchy describes it as a belief in the greatest amount of liberty consistent with equality of liberty. That excludes government as the term is generally understood, meaning the subjection of the non-invasive individual to a will not his own. The state is looked upon as the embodiment of government in an individual or set of individuals assuming to act as representatives or masters of the entire people within a given area. In so governing, the state is alleged to violate the equality of liberty, and ideal anarchy would therefore abolish the state.

To ask an anarchist what he would substitute for government, says an advocate of the theory, is like asking a free trader what he would substitute for the tariff. It may be observed, however, that anarchism does not exclude under this definition the right of the individual to defend himself against aggression or the right of individuals to organize on a purely voluntary basis for such defense.

This theory may appeal to the idealist as something very pretty, but to the coarser being, who does not know the difference between liberty and license, and would greatly prefer license if the distinction could be discerned, anarchy appeals as a religion of vengeance and unbridled passion. That the mill town of Paterson, N. J., with its heterogeneous population, should breed a nest of anarchists is, therefore, nothing strange.

The general rules by which anarchists are guided—they object to the word "governed"—throughout the world are understood to be the same and impress an outsider as being more inconsiderate of individual liberty, the alleged foundation stone of anarchy, than the government of Russia, Turkey or Zululand. The ortho-

implies the government of man by man.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is the principle of Anarchy; and that comprehends all things. The person who repeats this precept of the great Nazarene teacher, in solemn mockery, and then goes forth to practice the directly opposite, is in the church, the pulpit the courts of justice; in "high" society and in office—he is government.

The term "Anarchist" is used to frighten the timid; and the votary of an unjust and barbarous social system attempts to divert attention by crying out "stop thief." Gibbon, the historian, has said: "War, in its fairest form, implies a perpetual violation of humanity and justice." Anarchy declares war to be a violation of natural law, in obedience to man-made law. Anarchy is what government would be if it had not taken the place of Anarchy and forced its tyrannical power by the use of murderous weapons of warfare. Anarchy is the absence of crime; an ideal state; a social system that mankind has not yet attained; hence, the villainous assassin cannot rightfully claim to be an Anarchist—he is an Anarchist according to the erroneous conception he has of what Anarchy is. Anarchy is not a fixed state; it is a progressive state; ever onward and upward. The Philosophical Anarchist recognizes the impotency of war and king killing; he seeks, through the process of evolution, the abolition of man-made law (recognizing the fact that such is not law, but the maintenance of usages at variance with nature), the overthrow of the system of favoritism and the power of man to enslave and rule his fellowman. The true Anarchist sees government civilizing the

dox anarchists must recognize no country and no law. They must not permit any division among themselves. They are to recognize no judicial tribunals other than a tribunal of honor named by themselves. The decrees of this tribunal are irrevocable. The anarchists form a close body. Each one, at the peril of his life, must defend his companions. They are to look upon the social revolution as the first and highest of their duties and the first of their obligations. They must repudiate every revolutionary movement which does not have the destruction of capital as its direct object. No anarchist dare decline to accomplish the mission entrusted to him unless physically incapacitated. In this case he is replaced by another comrade. No anarchist is allowed to exercise a public function without the authorization of the assembly, or to take part in a foreign manifestation in the interest of the cause without the same permission. His only care should be the revolution. All anarchists should be personally acquainted with one another. Anarchists are to keep no political secrets from one another. They are not to become members of other associations unless in the hope of discovering secrets interesting to anarchism or to unveil the actions of a false comrade allied with the bourgeoisie. This last will be considered one of the most important services to be rendered to the cause.

One of the leading anarchists of the higher class is Benjamin R. Tucker of New York, a man of education and refinement, who is, of course, opposed to the murderous element. In Mr. Tucker's opinion there are some 300,000 persons in this country in sympathy with the anarchist tendency, although the number of avowed "plumblers" is quite small. These anarchists support quite a literature, and their publications have always been admitted to the United States mails without question. It is estimated that about \$400,000 is now invested in publishing plants devoted to the propaganda of anarchy. Various attempts have been made to exclude these publications from the United States mails, but hitherto the anarchists have been able to exert influence enough to prevent such action.

rivaling those of Alaska and South Africa? No; sordid things like these, however useful if showered upon us, could not evoke the exalted sentiment that only awaited the touch of the magic keys of our being to awaken the highest and best within us. Such a sentiment is a stranger to the abodes of those who pamper pride and wink at sin in high places. Only those who, like us, have been forced out of the beaten track, hounded by servile tools, ostracized by the public, villified by the unthinking, deliberately misrepresented by moral pigmies and misapprehended by intellectual dwarfs can realize the fullness of the fraternal greeting accorded us by our immediate neighbors and our fellow reformers of Burley who, to the number of 99, invaded our homes with peaceful intent. Their hearty response to our cordial and spontaneous greetings bespeak worthy comrades in the irreconcilable warfare against capitalistic and puritanical aggressions upon individual liberty. Acquaintances were made which, doubtless, in many instances will ripen into friendship; and, in time, all will realize that cooperation, like Anarchism, is but another name for voluntarism, and that diversities of opinion need not antagonize, indeed, cannot when all live up to the twelfth commandment: "Mind your own business."

During the afternoon an impromptu program was made up, consisting of songs, recitations and speeches from members of both colonies. The Brotherhood band, composed of children of the colony, played many pieces which contributed largely to the pleasure of the day. A great many would, no doubt,

(Continued on page 4.)

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS".

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CRANKY NOTIONS.

Some days ago on my way home I saw several children around a man who was sitting on the curb. When I came up I found a black negro, dirty and ragged, his head resting on his hands and a dinner box on the ground between his feet.

"What is the matter, my man?" I asked him. He was very weak and almost in a whisper he said he had been overcome by the heat, the day being very hot. He had been at work at an asphalt plant and succumbed to the rays of the sun. "The work was too hard," he said.

I sent to the house for liniment and water, made him a drink that eased the pain in his stomach and washed his hands and face to cool his nerves. Then I rubbed his head and temples with liniment, got him to feeling better, gave him a street car ticket and put him on a car for his home.

Now, to me there was nothing unusual in all this. Of course, it was not the pleasantest thing in the world to handle a dirty, ill-smelling negro, but what was the poor fellow to do, stay there and die? Had this occurred it would have haunted me to my dying day. I felt his suffering and did what I did to relieve my own pained heart as much as to give relief to that poor black man. But the remarks of some of the children was what attracted my attention most and prompts this notion. They thought I was such a good man to do so much for a "nigger"; that I was very kind to rub his head and hands, as they were so dirty.

This was a very practical example of the present condition of the public mind and how wrongly we have been educated. Why should the fact that this man was a negro, and not a white man, make such an impression upon children when a deed of kindness was done him? And why should I be called a "good" man because I did that which gave me more satisfaction than not to have done it? If I was "good" for doing this act which gave me satisfaction, why is it not good for me to do any other act that satisfies me? Or is a "good" act one which a person does for self satisfaction and which is also a benefit to others?

This act of mine was considered unselfish by several who saw it, but it was a purely selfish one. At the bottom of it all was there not the anticipated satisfaction of being considered kind and good? Was there not reward expected in this way rather than by the receipt of some material benefit? As a matter of fact, is not the hope of reward the motive which prompts every human act? If so, then what becomes of the theory of altruism?

"I did not kill Humbert. I killed the king," Bresci is reported to have said. The fact is, however, that the king was not killed and Humbert was. Kings cannot be killed by powder and lead or by cold steel. There is only one way to

kill kings, and that is to THINK them dead. If every working man and woman in Europe really thought the king dead, and stopped paying him reverence and taxes, do you think the king could live? Not a day. Nor could any ruler live except upon reverence and taxes, especially taxes. Just as long as the fools pay taxes for the support of rulers just so long as we have rulers. There is never a demand for anything that the supply is not forthcoming. When the demand for rulers ceases there will be no supply.

The paramount issue now and hereafter is not so much imperialism and militarism as it is taxation. Imperialism and militarism are the results of paying taxes for things we do not want. If taxes were paid for only those things which we do want there would be no imperialism, because there are so few people who would want it if they had to pay for it; and it is doubtful if there would be any military if people who do not want it did not give up their wealth for its maintenance.

JOSEPH A LABADIE.

THE DALE PLAN.

No. 3.

EQUITABLE EXCHANGE.

If labor were fully compensated, there would be a demand for every useful article that could be produced. On the other hand, if there were a reliable market for all commodities that might be produced, there would be no excuse for idleness, and no necessity for selling labor for an inequitable wage. There is labor enough expended in production to supply every essential human want; yet the laborer accepts a mere pittance, and starves for lack of the necessities of life which he himself produces.

That such conditions are not conducive to the highest civilization, nor to the highest happiness of the race, is too apparent to require argument. The people know that there is something wrong in our social system. The people may be mistaken, but are not fools. They are not thrifless. They are not dissipated. It is not true that the more wages they receive the more they squander. There is something rotten in our social and financial system; else why is it that political parties are divided on social and financial questions? For a hundred years there has been a contest between the parties over the question of money. One party demands more, and the other demands better money. The laborers look both ways. They vote for "sound dollars," and "strike" for more of them.

There is no question as to the utility of money. It is the vital fluid of the social body. Without it society could not exist. But it does not follow that it must consist of materials having intrinsic value; nor that a few millions more, or a few millions less would appreciably affect the distribution of wealth. The office of the circulating medium is to carry nourishment to all parts of the body. If it be congested in one part and deficient in the other parts, the whole body sickens and dies. This is what causes the downfall of nations. It killed Rome. It will kill the United States.

It is well enough to use gold as a measure of value. The labor cost of a gold dollar is approximately equal to the labor cost of a bushel of wheat. To

exchange one for the other is honest and fair, but when a few men, after gaining possession of all the gold, insist on taking two bushels of wheat for a dollar; or in case of a debtor that he shall sell his wheat, anyhow, for what gold it will bring, I call it robbery. And that is the fix we are in. The gold is congested in the hands of the few. There is no market for the products of labor, and the laborer starves.

What we want is a circulating medium that cannot be monopolized. If such a medium could be devised there would be no need for cooperation in the production of the common necessities of life. My readers have been looking for my plan of cooperation. I have none. If individuals wish to cooperate they will find ways to do so. Cooperation will be spontaneous, and not obligatory. We are a group of individuals, a school of individuality, and not a machine for accumulating wealth.

In my next paper I will endeavor to show how labor can be made available in supplying individual wants without paying tribute to gold. A. WARREN.

DRIVING OUT CAPITAL.

On a large island a mob of cattle might be seen; scattered variously among them stood farm buildings—the cozy residence of the proprietor, the less pretentious abodes of his servants, the stables and yards, the great milking shed, the barns, and all else that bespoke prosperity for the owner. Here teams of laboring bullock panted before the plow; there troops of milk kine yielded their precious fluid to the milkers; yonder were calves fattening for the market.

The cattle were, however, out of temper. They complained of the yoke and whip in the field; of the life being drained out of them for the last drop of milk exhausted nature would secrete; of the slaughter of their young ones; of the fences that shut them out from the fields they had plowed and fertilized; and they came to the conclusion that prosperity for them and prosperity for the owner were two very different things.

Under this impression they became restive, and some declined to be milked, others jumped or broke down the fences, while a few, instead of marching obediently to be yoked, lowered their horns ominously.

The proprietor, as soon as he saw this, took fright, and running as fast as he could to the shore of the island jumped into a boat and grasped the oars.

At the same moment the cattle stood still in alarm.

"See what you have done with your folly," exclaimed one trembling old cow to the rest of the herd. "You are driving Capital out of the country!"

At these words all quaked with horror and set up a piteous bellow. The proprietor, recognizing the sound and perceiving thereby what thorough cows he had to deal with, came back and told them if they were very good he would not be frightened away, but would stay there and milk, drive and slaughter them as long as they liked. They mooed gratefully, and at once fell over each other in their anxiety to get to the milking sheds, the yokes and the shambles. —"327," in the N. S. W. Worker.

When two beings are united by love all social conventionalities are suspended. —Balzac.

HOW MONEY SUBVERTS JUSTICE.

In these days of religious cant and political hypocrisy the money god rules supreme. Not only that but the monied oligarchy that has by stealth come into power in the United States is the most relentless, cruel tyranny that human beings were ever forced to endure. We have a government claiming the title of republic, ruled at present by what they are pleased to call a Republican party; we also have a party, or organization, mis-called a Democratic party; both these parties have leaders and politicians who claim they are the servants of the people, that their whole desire is the public weal, etc., and that they are, and always have been, honest and truthful, and that the present deplorable condition of things should be laid to the other side, and while all this political rot and balderdash is being spawned all over the country murder, robbery, rape and all conceivable crimes are being committed, with perfect impunity, by the possessors and beneficiaries of the money god of christendom. These selfsame professional liars (politicians) are all for sale, and the money kings know it. All they have to do is to determine which side is the cheapest and most subservient to their interests, then buy and use.

These blatherskite politicians are only surpassed for downright wickedness by the priests and preachers, who are stealing the last vestige of freedom left in this country, as they have done everywhere they have been allowed to propagate their religious superstition.

Our revolutionary fathers thought they had established one democratic government, where human beings were better than the almighty dollar. But, alas, for the depravity of mankind. Every fundamental principle of local self government left us by the seven years of privation and starvation endured on the battlefields by our heroic ancestors has been stolen before our eyes by this hydra-headed monster—the money power.

We have a president, a successor to Washington and Jefferson, who is boldly advocating imperialism in the Philippine Islands and China and the rule of the money god at home. We have an aspirant for the same office, in the person of William J. Bryan, who pretends to be in love with democratic principles and in sympathy with laboring, useful people, whose only motto is: "Get there, Eli." And if he does get there the principles of monarchy will be carried on through the monied oligarchy just as effectually as it would be under William McKinley's empiric rule.

As proof of this statement we only have to go back to Grover Cleveland's last administration when plutocracy got its firm hold on the honest people who do all the useful labor in this country just as it had done in all monarchical countries through the money power. He had prepared for it in his first administration by buying in bonds not matured at 27 per cent premium with money already wrung from the people by onerous rates of interest. Then he completed the job by selling more bonds and establishing the gold standard under which they must be paid. All the time this was going on the Democratic party, so called, was clamoring for a chance to convince people that the blame of our degeneracy into a monied despo-

(Continued on page 4.)

CHAINS.

BY JUNO.

CHAPTER XIII.

"What a storm. I am sorry Rollin went to the city today. We could have waited for the mail until tomorrow." So said Jennie as she stood by the window watching the snow, which had been falling steadily all day, and the wind had been playing all sorts of rough pranks. Now the snow had almost ceased to fall, but the wind was blowing it into great drifts.

"A regular western blizzard, and it will get worse before it gets better," was the remark of the man of all work.

In the great fireplace at the end of the common sitting room a huge fire burned. A dish of apples, red and luscious, stood on the table; and the new magazine was there with uncut leaves, though the paper-cutter was near it. Darkness coming on rapidly Jennie lit the hanging lamp, drew the large armchair to the fire, went into the kitchen to see if the coffee was hot and supper nearly ready, then she went to the window again. "Oh, how that terrible wind blows. I wish Rollin would come. Can anything have happened to him?" Then she said to John, who had just come in with some wood, "John, if Mr. Carr is not home soon will you take one of the horses and go down the road and see if you can find him?"

"Yes, I will go, but I tell you the drifts are powerful bad."

While they were talking the welcome sound of sleigh bells was heard.

"There he is now!" was Jennie's glad exclamation, and as John went out to see to the horses Jennie went to the hall to welcome Rollin. "Oh, Rollin, dear, I was so anxious, you were so late in coming."

"Little one it was a hard road to travel, and old Bess is completely tired out having had to force her way through the drifts."

When the great coat and sundry wrappings were laid aside they went into the sitting room, where Rollin found everything to make him comfortable.

"Mother was tired and has gone to bed. While you are getting warm I will bring the supper in here, we will not go to the dining room," Jennie said and she soon had the supper on the table—a small, round table set for two.

"How delicious this coffee is," said Rollin, as he passed his cup for a second filling. "You made it, I know. How nice and pleasant this is after the long, cold ride. By the way, little wife, I left the mail out in the hall, quite a package there is of it too."

"There ought to be something good to pay you for your long, cold drive."

"Nothing for me except a paper this time, it is all for you."

After the supper things were cleared away Rollin brought in the mail and said, as he gave it to Jennie, "Goodbye for an hour at least," and with a sigh of pretended long suffering he sat down in the large chair.

"No, sir, you do not get rid of me so easily," and, taking her letters, Jennie sat on his knee, and, putting her arm around him, she said, "Rollin, I did not know how dear you were to me until I feared something terrible had happened to you."

"Bless the snowstorm, little wife, anything that brings us nearer together and proves our love is valuable. I love you more than I ever did, your warm welcome tonight was very precious."

But love is love the world over, and the expression varies but little, the meaning is always the same.

The first letter Jennie read was from Ida. "I am homesick for you and father thinks that in two months he can have his business arranged so he can go to Fairview farm. If he has something to do there I think he will be contented. Andrew is well and talks of Aunt Jennie and Uncle Rollin; he is growing very rapidly. I go out but little as I do not care to meet those who used to call themselves my friends. I am not very brave now since I am among the 'Philistines,' and their cold, averted looks hurt me. I have heard since I came here that James Bryington is traveling in Europe." Then she gave the messages her mother had left and said: "The books and bedroom set have been shipped, father paying the freight."

"We will find something for Mr. Crawford to do. It will be just the thing to have him here, for then Ida will be more contented," said Rollin, and after a little planning for the future Jennie opened a letter from Delville.

"A long letter from Sam Carrol!" she exclaimed in surprise, but the surprise increased as she read. He told of his home life, of Sammy's weakness and continued fretfulness, of Belle's constant fault finding and scolding, and that the only thing which made his life cheerful was Mary Archer's kindness and good nature.

"She was always ready to help any of us and always had a bright smile and a word of welcome for me, and I grew to love her. God forgive me if it was a sin, but I could not help it. I never knew what love was before I learned to love Mary. Belle was sick for several weeks, and one night I went to Mary's room to waken her while I got some rest, for I had been sitting up for two nights to give Belle her medicine. I'll make a clean breast of the whole affair, Jennie, for I need help and don't know where to get it unless you can help me. Mary's door was open and the light was burning; she looked so enticing as she lay there, and I loved her so, that really before I knew what I was doing I had her in my arms pressing hot kisses on her lips. She awakened, startled and shy, but she did not try to get away. The look in her eyes was the first look of love that any woman had given me. I loved her madly. You may know the result—she is pregnant and utterly refuses to take any medicine to remove it. I have urged and pleaded, but she says 'no, I will do nothing to cause us shame or sorrow.' Oh, she is a noble woman, and here is Belle pouring down all sorts of stuff because she is afraid of having more children. Now, Jennie, can you help me? Will you let Mary come to you? I will see that she has all she needs and will always love her. If it were not for Belle I would be glad to openly claim the child. Please let me hear from you soon. Nothing is suspected here yet."

"Of course, we will tell her to come," said Jennie. "Considering what a narrow sort of individual Sam Carrol was this is quite a manly letter. There is nothing like love to bring out the very

best characteristics of either man or woman."

The other letters do not concern us particularly.

The next morning Mrs. Blake read the letters, and was very glad that Ida thought she would be with them by spring. She longed for a sight of Andrew Crawford, Jr. When she read Sam Carrol's letter she said: "Well, I declare, who would have believed that he and Mary would have fallen in love with each other. I suppose that all must have the disease some time. It's like chickenpox and measles, goes the rounds when it once gets started."

"The disease of love, if you call it a disease," said Rollin, "was started a long time ago, according to orthodox views, and it seems as hard to break up now as ever. In fact, it seems to have a very firm hold on the human family. I wish there was some way to prove to the people at large that love itself is pure and right and not to be forbidden. In fact, as old Israel Stokes says, 'He should have larned that if ye forbid a lassie and a laddie to dae anything it's the surest way o' bringin' it about. The Lord found that out in the garden o' paradise, and there's no muckle change between the folk in Eden and the folk in Wigton.'"

"Oh, you can laugh Rollin, but I tell you it is a serious thing," answered Mrs. Blake. "See the worry Sam is in, and I don't suppose he worries half as much as Mary does; and if Belle should find it out—" (There was an expressive pause.) "Then you know everyone in trouble hasn't a Fairview farm to go to."

"You are right, mother. But as we cannot help everyone in trouble we must help all those we can, and in the meantime try in every way possible to teach a new and better life to all we can reach."

It was decided to send a telegram and so end the anxiety sooner. So a message was sent asking "Can Mary Archer come to us immediately?" The next day an answer came telling of her departure. The day of her arrival was clear and bright, and Jennie drove to the station to meet her.

"It will be less embarrassing to her to meet me alone, and in our drive home I will have an opportunity to set her fears at rest," said Jennie.

During her drive to the city Jennie thought over the situation and said wistfully: "Ida and Mary both have love children, and cannot be with the fathers of the little ones. I am with my lover, and how I love him, and yet I cannot have the exquisite pleasure of feeling the pressure of baby lips. I must make more of a study of certain conditions and find the reason that I am barren."

A few moments of waiting and the long train with its precious freight of human lives rolled into the city. Jennie was ready the moment Mary alighted to grasp her hand and give her a cordial welcome. The trunk was soon in the sleigh and Mary and Jennie were on the road to Fairview farm. Before they had gone far Mary said: "Miss Jennie, I have something to tell you before you take me into your home. Mr. Carrol said you knew all about it, but—"

"I do know all about it, Mary, so you need not tell me anything except that which you wish to tell. I want to tell you this, Mary, that I consider love pure

and noble; in fact, it is all that makes life worth living."

"Oh, Miss Jennie, is it wrong, is it wicked, for me to love Sam Carrol? I know he belongs to Belle; that he can never be mine, but I love him, and, oh, I could make him so happy! She does not, cannot, love him as I do. Do you know the reason I refused to get rid of the little one? Because it was a part of him. And for love of him I wanted it."

"I understand just how you feel and do not consider you wicked. Is anything natural wicked? Do not worry over this any more, but let us trust that the future will bring peace and happiness to us all."

Mrs. Blake greeted Mary cordially, as did Rollin Carr, and when Mary went to rest that night in the room which she was told was hers as long as she wanted it her heart was lighter than it had been for weeks, yet she went to sleep with tears in her eyes as she said: "My love, my love, good night." Soon after Mary reached the farm a long letter came to her from Sam Carrol. As she took it to her own room to read no one knew what he had written, but soon after reading it she went down to the common sitting room and, finding Jennie alone, she said: "Jennie, Mr. Carrol begs me to write to him. Shall I?"

"Certainly, why not?"

"What would his wife do?"

"Now, Mary, let me tell you my idea concerning this. Belle does not own Sam, though she thinks she does. He has a right to correspond with whom he chooses, and she has the same right. If you want to write letters to Sam Carrol you have a right to do so. Letters are a poor enough substitute for the lover, but sometimes it is the best that one can do, and is much better than total silence."

Mary replied to the letter, and grew cheerful and almost happy. Letter followed letter, and then one day came the news of little Samuel's death. "He seemed to pine for you ever since you left, and his last words were 'Mary, come back.'" Mary had loved the helpless little invalid, but said "it is better that he should die. He would always be a sufferer." Some weeks later a short letter came telling her that Belle had been in the habit of going through her husband's pockets, and, knowing that, he had carefully locked up Mary's letters in the safe at the store. But the last one he wanted to read again and had carried it home. While getting ready for supper he had put his coat on a chair and left the room for a moment, and while he was gone Belle had searched his coat, found the letter, and then when he left for the store she read it. When he discovered his loss, which he did while on his way down town, he returned to the house and found Belle reading it.

"There was hell to pay. I told no lies, neither did I beg for mercy. She has gone to her father's and says she will apply for a divorce. I think she will be glad to cut loose from me. She says I have been tyrannical and overbearing. I guess that's true; I haven't done as well as I might, but I make no confessions, neither will I deny anything. As for Belle—well, she is a good woman, according to the world's idea, and I am a demon, according to the same idea. I will keep you posted."

(To be continued.)

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Our school opened up on the 10th instant, with Kate Cheyse and Gertrude Mellinger as teachers.

A. J. Hicklin has sold the improvements he bought from G. A. Kennan to Paul Rostel, who is now occupying the place.

The first piano to be brought to Home came two weeks ago. It was purchased by Kate Cheyse, who is an excellent pianist.

Myron, the 11-months-old child of J. E. and Annie Larkin, has been very ill for the past two weeks, but seems to be much better now.

Oliver Johnson, of Tacoma, was out to see us last week. He expressed himself as being well pleased with our location and hopes to be with us some time in the near future.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson Bay known locally as Joes Bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and yet it is in condition for cultivation. There are 70 people here—20 men, 18 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so.

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

Continued from page 1.

We interested in seeing the names of those who came. Below is the list:

Mrs. Bellamy, Miss Burrow, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. O. K. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. McClintock and two children, Mr. and Mrs. DeArmond and four children, Mr. and Mrs. Neeld and two children, Dr. and Mrs. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Packer, Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Brenkham and three children, Mrs. Overbeck and two children, Mrs. Mueller and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Bender and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Raybell and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg and child, Mr. and Mrs. Darling and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Barth and three children, Miss Lowe, Miss Fenton, Mrs. Shaw, Miss Ethel Anthony, Messrs. Lindquist, Strickler, Stabenow, Crawford, Cutts, Johnson, Fenton, Fall, Haslem, Alfred, Jimmy and Thomas J. Bruce, Davidson, Davis, Whiteside, Lucky, Hansbarger, Rodney Simons, Rupert and Gus Smart, Menzer, A. Bare and two sons.

RECEIPTS:

Johnson \$1, Newbert 50c, Hagen 50c, Taylor 50c, Lessman 50c, Silverman 50c, McMurphy 25c, Dewey 10c, Cairn 6c.

HOW MONEY SUBVERTS JUSTICE.

(Continued from page 2.)

tism was due to republican misrule while in reality the chance they wanted was a chance to steal what little liberty was left this country. Bryan represents the same party that Cleveland did, with only a little difference on the money question, which amounts to nothing with the hold the money god already has on us. And if Bryan meant any relief to the people from the claws of the money power already fastened on them his chances for success would be far less than they are, because in our degenerate condition money rules the ballotbox as completely as it does our "public servants" after they are elected.

Both of these parties claim they are the servants of the man god Jesus Christ. How long, oh, how long, will it take the people to see and know that their gods are frauds, myths and humbugs, and their religious superstitions and politics swindling machines. These pretended followers of the meek and lowly savior are sending Christian soldiers to murder and rob in the Philippine Islands and to establish the monarchical rule that our defenders of liberty overthrew by a seven-year war with monarchical England. They are also sending troops to China to kill and rob people who are opposing a few adventurers and deadbeats, called Christian missionaries, who are there for the sole purpose of establishing this detestable Christian hypocrisy and rule of its golden god. Allied with old European monarchies that have been for centuries the deadly foes of human liberty, our army is trying to surpass theirs in the inhuman work of butchering people whose only offense is trying to rid them selves of "foreign devils" as they very appropriately call Christian missionaries. And after China is overrun and dismembered these same "Christian dogs" will fight among themselves over the spoils.

While all this is going on abroad the victims of this merciless money power are languishing in prisons, starving in almshouses or on the streets, or suffocating in the slums of our large cities; men are being turned out of work to join the tramps and law-made criminals; Prostitutes are selling their virtue, not from choice but from the fact that they must choose between that and starvation; while thousands of workingwomen are forced to ply the same vocation for want of employment, and daily increasing the number of competitors in the market. These women are being diseased by the votaries of this same money god, and in turn diseasing men who in turn disease their wives, and through them their offspring become contaminated with syphilitic virus. Not only this but our returning soldiers and missionaries are bringing from China and the Philippine Islands leprosy and bubonic plague. Congressmen and legislators are bought and sold like sheep in the market. Judges and juries are bribed and false witnesses can be hired anywhere and at all times. The newspaper press is subsidized and editors and correspondents are made cringing sycophants in the interest of plutocracy. And if anyone raises their voice in condemnation of this miserable condition, and dares give the true cause of its rise and rapid growth, he or she is subject to insult, imprisonment and public execution, because money and not justice is the end, aim and purpose of our laws.

IMAGE BREAKER.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock every day except Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

The Educational Club (Boston) meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at 45 Eliot street. Free discussion.

AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylen, 700 Sunny-side ave.
Honolulu—A. Klemencic, Alakea st.

VIEWS OF HOME.

1. General View of Home from Rocky Point and entrance to Bay. Two views—one taken in July, 1899, and the other in 1900, showing improvements.
2. Clam Digging.
3. Boat and Beach Scene.
4. Across the Bay.
5. Rocky Point.
6. King Residence.
7. Worden Residence.
8. Adams Residence.
9. Cheyse Residence.
10. Discontent Office.
Price, mounted, 25 cents; unmounted 15 cents. Order by number of DISCONTENT. As new views are taken they will be added to the list.

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A NEW FAMILY MEDICAL WORK.

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This book is up to date in every particular. It will save you HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS in doctor's bills. It tells you how to CURE YOURSELF by simple and harmless HOME remedies. It recommends NO POISONOUS OR DANGEROUS DRUGS. It teaches simple COMMON SENSE METHODS in accordance with Nature's laws. It does NOT indorse DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS with the surgeon's KNIFE. It teaches how to save HEALTH and LIFE by safe methods. It is entirely free from TECHNICAL RUBBISH. It teaches PREVENTION—that it is better to know how TO LIVE and AVOID DISEASE than to take any medicine as a cure. It teaches how typhoid and other fevers can be both PREVENTED and CURED. It gives the best known treatment for LA GRIFFE, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH, CONSUMPTION, APPENDICITIS, and every other disease. It is the best medical book for the home yet produced. It is not an ADVERTISEMENT and has NO MEDICINE to sell. It tells you how to live that you may PROLONG LIFE. It opposes medical fads of all kinds and makes uncompromising WAR ON VACCINATION and the use of ANTI-TOXINE. It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of various diseases. It has 16 COLORED PLATES, showing different parts of the human body. The chapter on RAINLESS MIDWINTER is worth its weight in gold to women. It has a large number of valuable illustrations. The "CARE OF CHILDREN" is something every mother ought to read. It teaches the value of AIR, SUNSHINE and WATER as medicines. It contains valuable INFORMATION for the MARRIED. It advises people with regard to marriage—tells who should and who should not marry. Those CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE should get this book at once. This book has 800 pages, is neatly bound in cloth and will be sent to any address for \$2.75.

ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land; he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.
Second: Wife or husband.
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of The Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.